

# PLANESWALKERS

## HONOR BOUND

part I



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND      ILLUSTRATED BY NILS HAMM  
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER  
LETTERING BY JINO CHOI  
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS  
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND VOLKAN BAGA





**I** AM ELSPETH, KNIGHT OF BANT.  
EVERYTHING I WANT IS HERE.



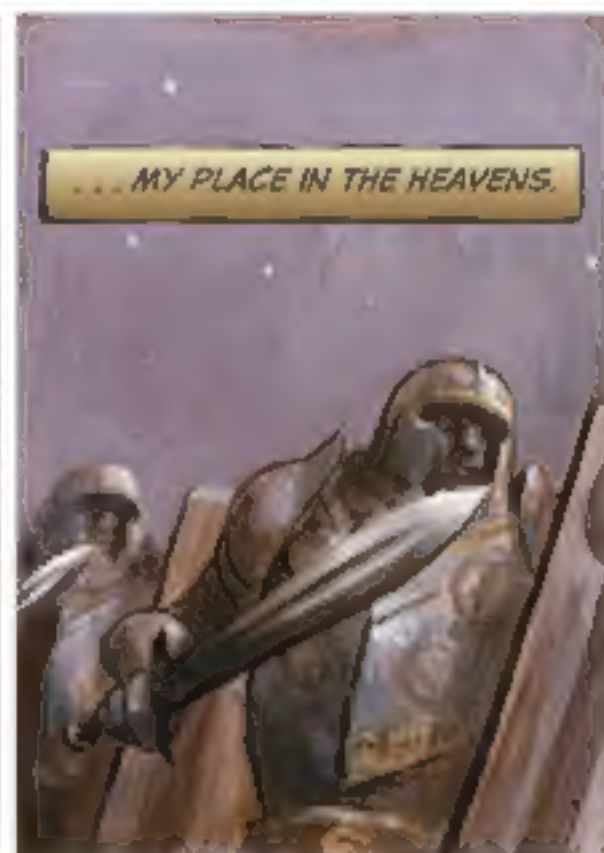
IF THE OTHERS KNEW WHAT  
I CAN DO, THEY WOULD CALL  
ME AN ANGEL.



BUT SUCH A "GIFT"  
CANNOT BE TRUSTED.



I PREFER TO EARN ...



... MY PLACE IN THE HEAVENS.



RUMORS ARE SPREADING  
ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE.  
FRIGHTENING TALES PASS  
BETWEEN CARAVANS AND  
VILLAGES.



I CAN'T IGNORE THEM ANY  
LONGER. I MUST RIDE OUT  
AND SEE FOR MYSELF.

I WONDER WHEN ... OR IF ... I'LL  
STAND WITH MY FELLOW KNIGHTS AGAIN.



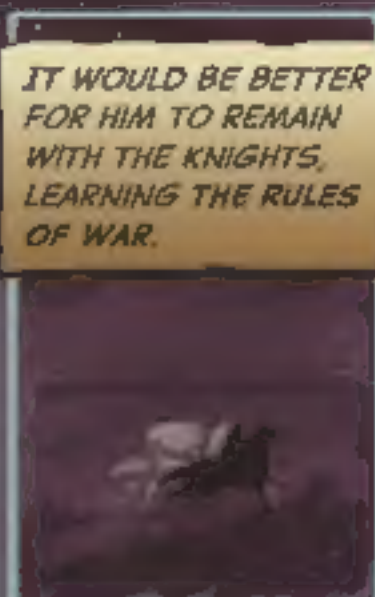


IT'LL BE ROUGH TRAVELING IN THE DARK. WHY LEAVE NOW?

STAY HERE, ARAN. I SHOULD GO ALONE.



I AM YOUR SQUIRE. I GO WHERE YOU GO.



IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM TO REMAIN WITH THE KNIGHTS, LEARNING THE RULES OF WAR.

BUT I AM HEADED TO A TROUBLED PLACE, AND HIS PRESENCE WILL BE A COMFORT. I DO NOT WISH TO BE ALONE.



IT'S DAWN, MY LADY.



WE'VE BEEN RIDING ALL NIGHT. YOU SHOULD STOP, REST THE HORSES.




NO, ARAN. WE MUST PRESS ON.

WHAT'S SO URGENT THAT YOU PUSH YOURSELF BEYOND EXHAUSTION?







WE'RE RIDING TOWARD  
AKRASA. DO YOU HAVE BUSINESS  
AT FORT DAWNRAY?

ELSPETH?


DID YOU  
HEAR ME?

I AM CONCERNED,  
MY LADY. YOU ARE  
DISTRACTED, LOST  
IN THOUGHT.




DO YOU DREAM, ARAN?  
SUFFER NIGHTMARES?

NOT SINCE I WAS A  
CHILD. HAVE YOU BEEN  
TROUBLED BY DREAMS?




IMAGINE IF THE  
WORST NIGHTMARE FROM  
YOUR CHILDHOOD CAME TRUE.  
EVERYTHING YOU LOVE WAS  
DEFILED AND CORRUPTED.



I'M NOT SURE HE COULD EVEN  
COMPREHEND SUCH DARKNESS.

A THING IS  
ONLY PURE ONCE.  
IF TARNISHED, IT CAN  
NEVER BE THE SAME  
AGAIN.



AND THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.









NOT EVERYONE  
IS WORTH SAVING,  
ARAN.



ARAN IS LIKE BANT ITSELF. SUCH A  
CHILDLIKE PERSPECTIVE, SUCH AN  
INNOCENT'S HEART.



ELSPETH, YOU'VE EARNED  
MORE SIGILS THAN ANYONE  
ELSE IN OUR ORDER. BUT YOU'RE  
SO ANXIOUS AND WARY, I JUST  
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

NEITHER DO I. I SHOULD HAVE DIED. BUT I WAS  
RIPPED AWAY, SPARED, WHEN SO MANY OTHERS  
HAD DIED. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS MERCY, AN  
ACCIDENT, OR SOMETHING MORE INSIDIOUS.

I HAVE SO MUCH POWER, BUT I CAN'T  
USE IT. NOT WITHOUT LOSING WHAT  
I LOVE.





THIS PLACE IS  
WRETCHED. LET'S  
NOT LINGER HERE.



YOU'RE SO PALE.  
IS SOMETHING  
THERE?

JUST  
MEMORIES.



LET'S GO HOME TO  
THE ORDER. I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
HOPE TO LEARN...

LOOK AROUND  
YOU. THIS IS THE  
FACE OF EVIL.



IT'S HORRIFIC,  
YES. BUT IT CAN  
BE RAZED TO  
THE GROUND.  
FORGOTTEN.




I'M NOT SO  
SURE, ARAN.



I'VE HEARD RUMORS  
THAT OTHER WORLDS  
HAVE BEGUN TO BLEED  
INTO OURS. LIKE AN  
INFECTION IN A WOUND,  
CATCHING US UNAWARE.

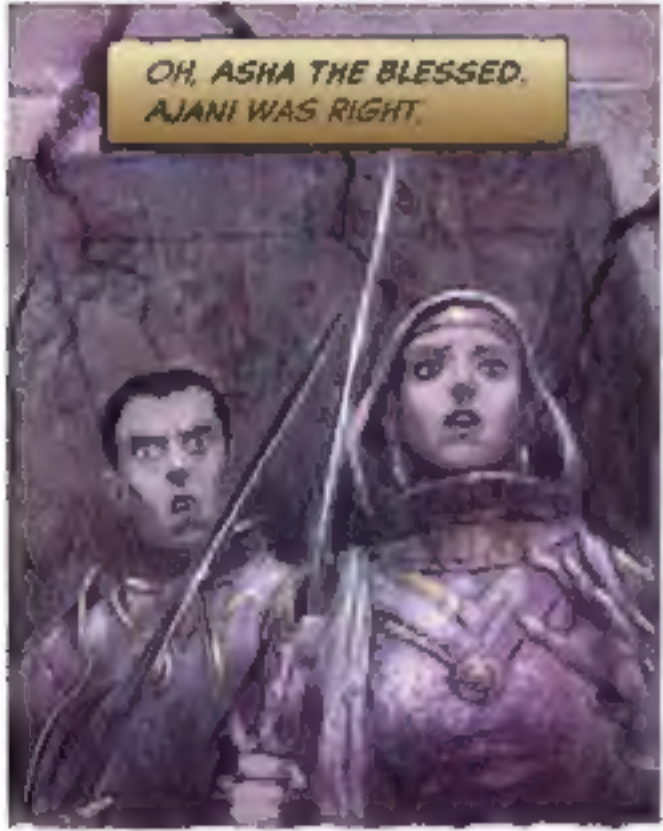
MY LADY, THAT'S  
NONSENSE. WE  
MUST LEAVE NOW.  
THE SIGNS OF  
VIOLENCE ARE  
AFFECTING  
YOUR MIND.






NOT UNTIL  
I KNOW THE  
RUMORS ARE  
FALSE.



THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'RE SEEKING?  
PROOF OF SUCH AN  
"INFECTION?" HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR?



OH, ASHA THE BLESSED.  
AJANI WAS RIGHT.



GET BEHIND  
ME. HOLD  
THE DOOR!



READY YOUR  
SWORD, ARANI!  
WE CAN'T LET  
THEM PASS!



THE  
INVASION  
HAS BEGUN.

THWACK

KILL  
THEM  
ALL.



# PLANESWALKERS

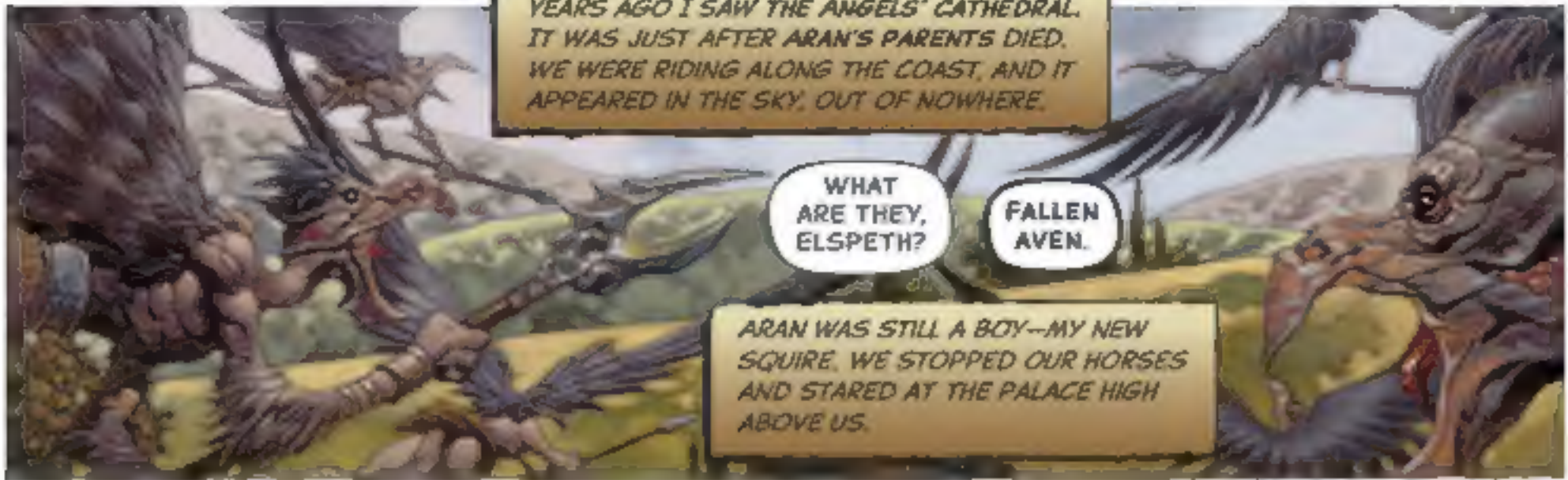
## HONOR BOUND

part II



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND      ILLUSTRATED BY TOMAS GIORELLO  
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER  
LETTERING BY JINO CHOI  
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BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND VOLKAN BAGA






YEARS AGO I SAW THE ANGELS' CATHEDRAL. IT WAS JUST AFTER ARAN'S PARENTS DIED. WE WERE RIDING ALONG THE COAST, AND IT APPEARED IN THE SKY, OUT OF NOWHERE.

WHAT ARE THEY, ELSPETH?

FALLEN AVEN.


ARAN WAS STILL A BOY—MY NEW SQUIRE. WE STOPPED OUR HORSES AND STARED AT THE PALACE HIGH ABOVE US.




THEY DIDN'T SEE US?

I DON'T THINK SO.

IT WAS SUMMER, AND THE SKY WAS AS CLEAR AS BLUE CRYSTAL.



BUT THOSE ARE JUST SCOUTS. MORE WILL BE ON THE WAY.



EVEN THOUGH WE WERE EXPECTED IN VALERON, WE WATCHED FOR HOURS, AWESTRUCK. I FELT SUCH A SENSE OF SAFETY, BUT A RESPONSIBILITY TOO, TO ARAN, TO BANT, AND EVEN TO MYSELF.

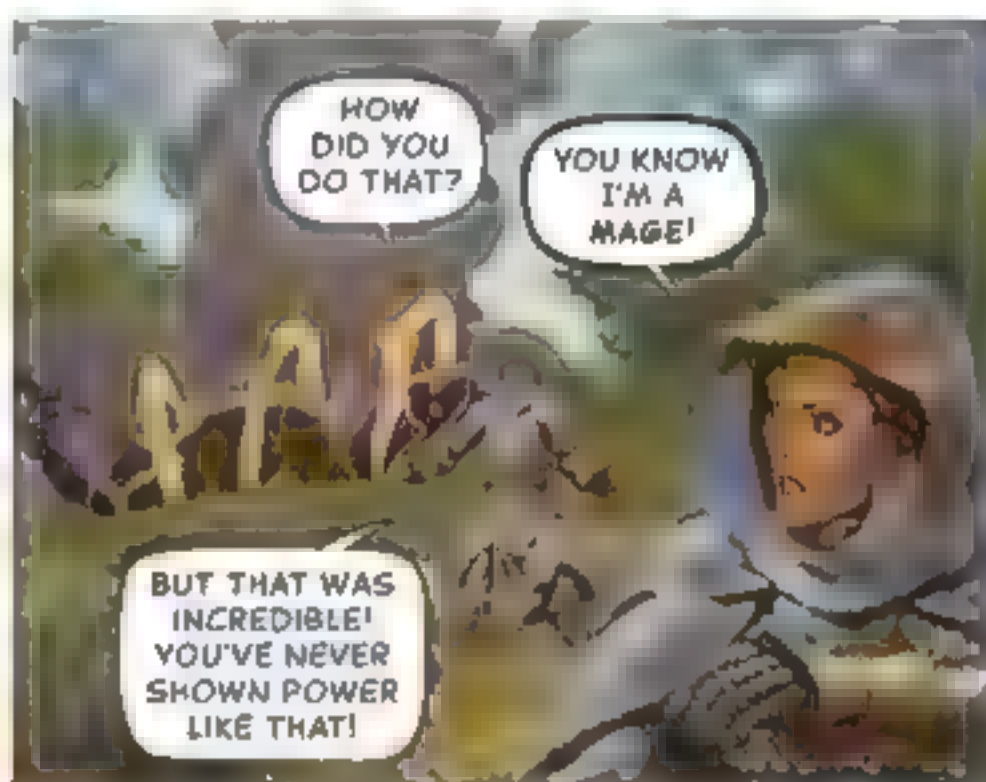
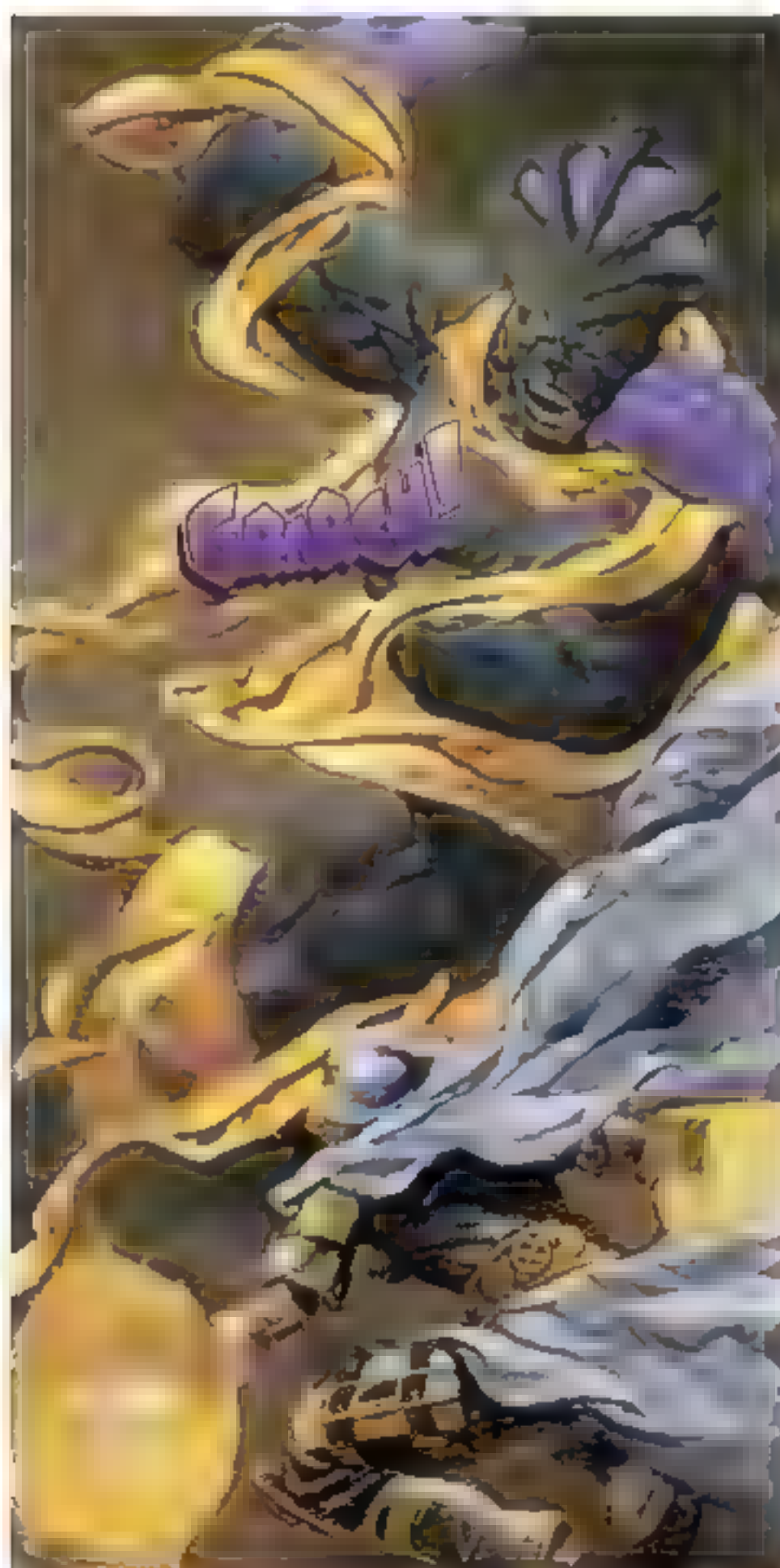
ARAN! WHAT HIT US?

UURGH!





I CAN'T SEE  
YOU! ARE YOU  
HURT? ARAN!  
ANSWER ME!



HOW  
DID YOU  
DO THAT?

YOU KNOW  
I'M A  
MAGE!

BUT THAT WAS  
INCREDIBLE!  
YOU'VE NEVER  
SHOWN POWER  
LIKE THAT!



ELSPETH, WAIT!  
TALK TO ME! CAN  
YOU CAST LIKE  
THAT ALL THE  
TIME?

THERE'S NO  
TIME TO TALK.  
WE MUST  
WARN THE  
OTHERS!





THE ANGELS RODE AIR CURRENTS  
ABOVE WAVES THAT GLISTENED  
WITH WHITE LIGHT IT WAS A  
GLIMPSE OF PERFECTION

≡ LAST RIDERS IN! ≡

≡ BAR THE GATE! ≡



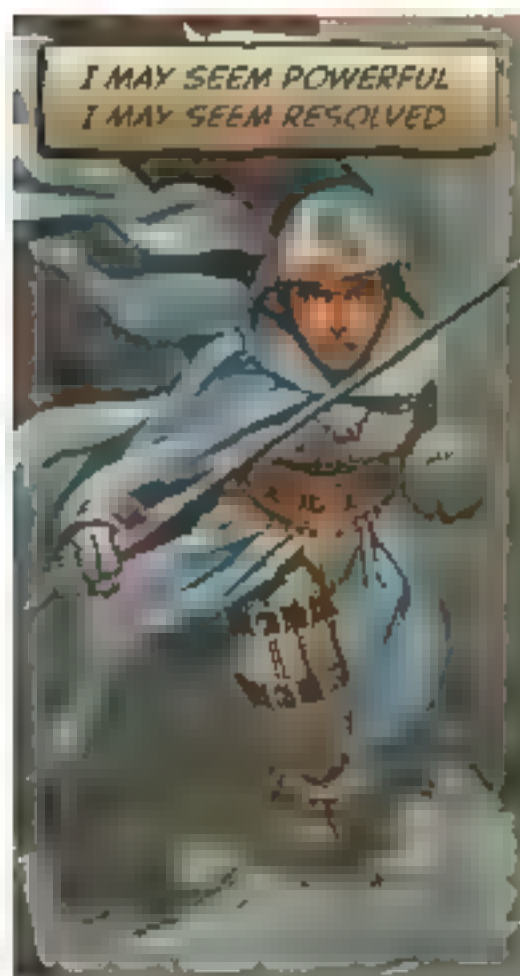
IT FELT LIKE I'D WAITED MY WHOLE LIFE TO  
SEE SOMETHING SO PROFOUNDLY BEAUTIFUL  
BUT EVEN THEN I FELT NOSTALGIC FOR A  
PRESENT THAT WOULD NEVER LAST

≡ ARCHERS! ≡

≡ STOP THE WALL! ≡

≡ KNIGHTS FORM UP! ≡

≡ SWORDS AT  
THE READY! ≡



I MAY SEEM POWERFUL  
I MAY SEEM RESOLVED

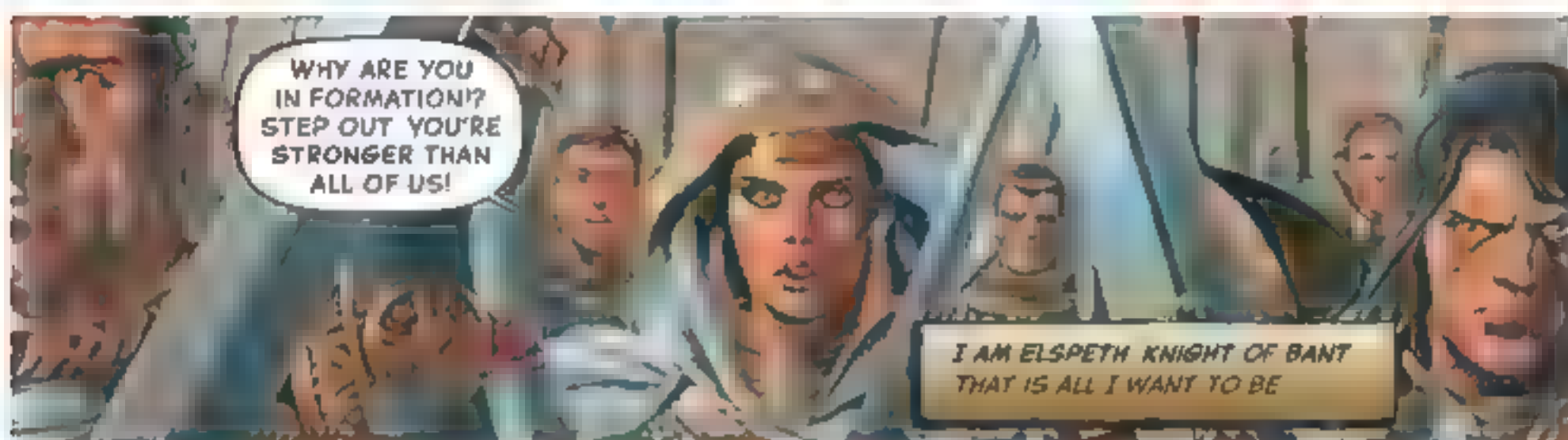


BUT I AM GOVERNED BY FEAR FEAR  
THAT MY SOUL WILL BE TORN OPEN  
AND ALL THAT IS GOOD WITHIN ME  
WILL BLEED AWAY



FEAR THAT EVEN THE ANGELS  
WON'T BE ENOUGH TO  
PROTECT US.









WHILE ARAN AND I WATCHED, THE SKY  
DEEPEMED TO ROSE, THE ANGELS  
BECAME SHADOWS IN THE GATHERING  
TWILIGHT AND THE ANGELS CATHEDRAL  
VANISHED FROM SIGHT




THAT WAS THE MOMENT I  
VOWED NEVER TO LEAVE



I WOULD BE DEFINED BY THESE  
BORDERS AND NOTHING ELSE





ELSPETH  
WE'RE BEING  
SLAUGHTERED!

MIND THE  
RULES OF  
WAR! HOLD  
THE LINE!

ARE YOU  
~~ELIMINATING~~  
THE LINE IS  
BROKEN.


ELSPETH!  
YOUR SWORD  
ISN'T ENOUGH!

IT HAS  
TO BE  
ENOUGH!

SWAK!

SHIIINNKKK!





IF I COULD RELIVE JUST ONE DAY, THAT'S  
WHAT I WOULD CHOOSE. STANDING ON THE  
SUNLIT SHORE WITH ARAN WATCHING THE  
ANGELS. BUT IT'S LOST. I AM WITNESS TO  
THE END.

DESOLATION REIGNS





# HONOR BOUND

6-11



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BORDER CODES AND HIGH  
WALLS SHOULD KEEP US SAFE. LET  
ME IN. PLEASE. PLEASE.



MAAM. AM I GET SOME? I SHOULD  
HAVE ASKED IN THE



LET ME  
MOURN  
HIM



HE'S JUST



MY HOME IS BURIED

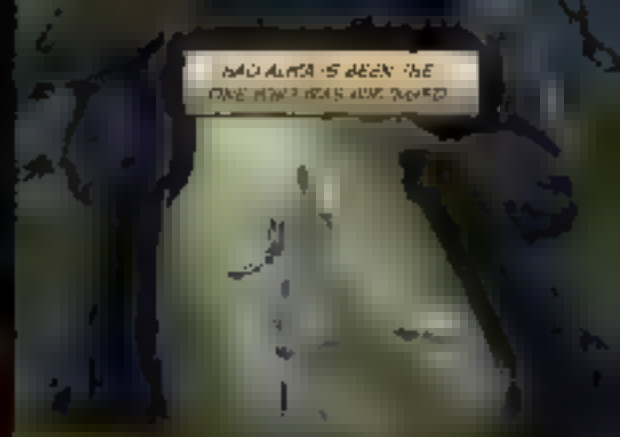




MY REGRET IS CHOOSING  
TO WING IT ON MY OWN



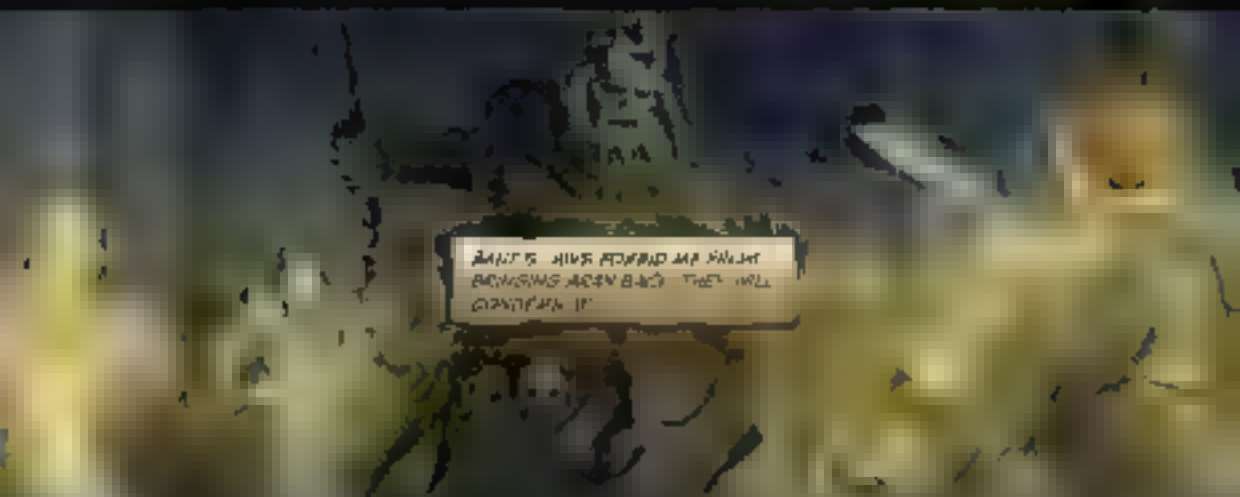
HAD ALMA BEEN THE  
ONE WHO WAS INVITED



NOW I'M THE ONE WHO  
HAS INVITED OTHERS



ALMA'S HIVE SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO BRING THEM BACK. THEY WILL  
CONTAIN IT.



BUT COME NOW AND I AM  
LIVE WITH A BUSTLE





ANNA: ENI: "OLD MAN, PLEASE"

HE DIED BECAUSE OF ME  
BECAUSE OF THE WAY I TALK

THIS CURRENT MY ENEMY  
WAS THE "ME" TO

WAS HE RUN LATER IN  
SUCH AS THE SOMETHING  
OPEN OF THE "ME"

I DON'T CARE I WANT HIM HERE  
PRESENT IN THE HOUSE EVEN THOUGH  
I AM NOT THE S REBORN

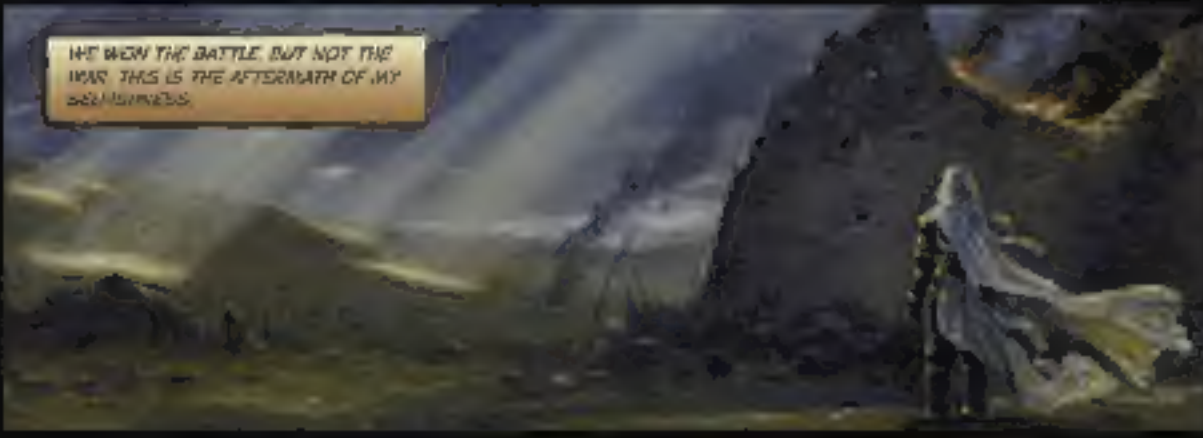
AS FOR THE FIRST REBORN, I AM NOT  
HAVE SUBJECT IN MY MIND

SINCE I HAVE NOTHING NO MORE NO ONLY  
NOTHING THEY DON'T DESERVE TO BECOME  
THE DUST DUCH WHICH MY BROTHERS WERE  
REBORN IN ME OF US












WE WON THE BATTLE, BUT NOT THE WAR. THIS IS THE AFTERMATH OF MY SELFISHNESS.



NOW THEY STARE, THE ACCUSATION  
IN THEIR EYES. THE EXPECTATIONS.



ALL I WANTED WAS TO BE ONE OF  
THEM. AND NOW I NEVER WILL BE.



LADY ELOPETH,  
MY HUSBAND  
FELL EARLY IN THE  
BATTLE. I SAW YOUR  
MIRACULOUS LIGHT  
DEVASTATE THE  
INVADERS.



YOU  
SAVED  
US.

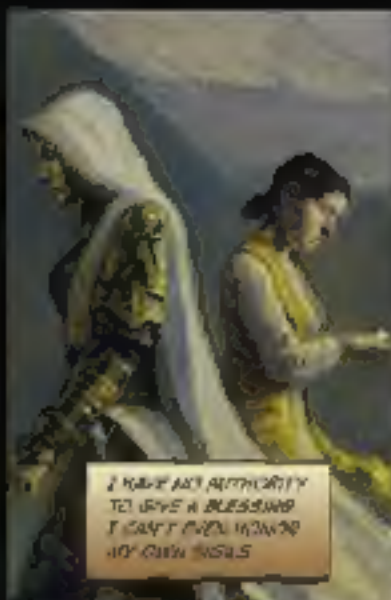




THIS SPIRIT  
HONORS MY GALEN'S  
MEMORY. WILL YOU  
BLESS IT?



NO, I'M NOT  
THE ONE  
YOU WANT.



I HAVE NO AUTHORITY  
TO GIVE A BLESSING.  
I CAN'T EVEN HEAL  
MY OWN SOULS.



MY LADY!  
YOU'RE  
ALL RIGHT!

AND SO ARE YOU  
ARDAN. THANK THE  
ANGELS. ARE YOU  
HEALING WELL?

BETTER THAN  
EXPECTED. THE  
BALMSIVER SAID  
MOST WOULD HAVE  
DIED FROM SUCH  
WOUNDS.

YOU'RE YOUNG,  
STRONG. WE NEED  
YOU IN THE FIELD.

YOU'RE  
NEEDED MORE  
THAN ME,  
ELSPETH.



I HEARD ABOUT  
YOUR FEAT IN THE BATTLE.  
WITH YOU LEADING US, WE  
ACTUALLY HAVE A CHANCE  
IN THIS WAR.



YOU'VE  
GIVEN US  
HOPE.


I'M NOT FIT TO  
LEAD THEM. YOU  
KNOW I DON'T  
WANT TO.

WE'RE  
SURROUNDED BY  
ENEMIES. THIS  
IS NOT THE TIME  
FOR SELF-DOUBT  
OR HUMILITY.




I KNOW YOU,  
ELSPETH I TRUST  
THAT YOU'LL DO THE  
HONORABLE THING.



A hooded figure, possibly a priest or a noble, stands in a dark, ornate room. A single candle on a stand provides the only light source, casting a warm glow. The figure is wearing a dark, patterned robe with a hood.

THESE BORDERS WERE MY WALLS. THEY HELD  
THE ARKSTERS AND NIGHTWALKERS AT BAY.

I LOVED THE SKY AND SEA. EVERY BLADE OF  
GRASS ON THE ROLLING HILLS.

A close-up of a hand reaching out towards a small, lit candle on a stand. The hand is dark and appears to be wearing a glove or has dark skin. The candle is the only light source in the scene.


I WANTED TO BELIEVE SO BADLY.

BUT I WAS PRETENDING, AND  
PEOPLE SUFFERED FOR IT.

A close-up of a hand touching a gold coin. Another coin is visible nearby. The background is dark and out of focus.

HONOR.

DUTY.

A close-up of a woman's face. She has dark hair and is looking down with a sad expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

I WILL NEVER FIND ANOTHER  
HOME LIKE BAY.

